

"The restoration of the time card in the office of the paymaster general of the navy has created an unusual amount of gosstp among department clerks," observed an official of the War Department to a Star reporter, "but I am in a position to state with positiveness that it will go no farther in the Navy Department and will not reach the War Department. One of the first things the present Secretary of War did after he took charge was to abolish the time card. He thereby put his clerks on their honor instead of their time cards, and he has had no reason to regret it. The change has worked wonderfully, and the time that clerks were required to use in making out and comparing their time cards, chief clerks in recording and grouping them and other work in connection with the time cards is now devoted to government work. It is no secret that it was the action of three particular clerks that brought about the new order of things in that particular bureau of the Navy Department. The clerks are as well known as the peculiarities of their conduct. To reach them, however, an order had to be issued that will strike over fifty clerks whose work is satisfactory and who do not need such an or-der. It will be noticed that ten points are charged against efficiency records for loud talking during office hours, while but two points are to be charged for tardiness. This points are to be charged for tardiness. This is intended to reach one particular clerk who makes himself a nuisance by going through the rooms of the bureau blowing his trumpet generally and interfering with the work of every one. His complaint is that his special abilities are not sufficiently recognized. The tardiness charge is intended to reach two lady clerks, who are expense for heing late, though rarely for chronic for being late, though rarely for over a few minutes each day. Tardiness is held by the paymaster general to be an offense each time it occurs, though in several of the branches of the War Depart-ment it has to occur three times in the same month before it is noticed at all. In some of these the clerks are required to make up the lost time during lunchtime or after office hours. This rule seems to cure tardiness better than any general or cure tardiness better than any general order or shotgun policy, for it is notorious
that clerks who are prone to tardiness are
the first to get ready to quit work the
moment the clock strikes 4. Indeed, they
are often dressed and ready to leave five
or ten minutes before closing time. Their
tardiness is at only one end of the official
day. It breaks them all up when they are
told that they have to make up lost time,
and is more of a punishment than any general efficiency order can be." eral efficiency order can be."

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"The Indian is by no means an extinct portion of civilization," explained an Indian bureau official to a Star reporter, "as the coming census will very clearly demonstrate. Indeed, instead of running out, the last ten years will show that he has got almost as good a hold on life as the most favored of our people. The poems regretting his passing away will have to be stored for some years. The Indian of late years has been generally engaged in minding his own business. He is not much improved morally from what he was, but he has not fallen behind to any noticeable extent. It is a case of the survival of the fittest, and while eventually the Indian will have to go, he is not gathering up his traps and getting ready to start as yet. Those who re-gard the Indian as a scattered race, existing in small camps in the far west, will be considerably informed when I can tell them dians in the western states. There are many kinds there. The Choctaws number Seminoles about 3,500; Cherokees about 30,000; Chickasaws about 8,500. There are over 10,000 Indians in the Six Nations of New York state alone. The Indian is still in it, and will be in it for many years yet, and I would not be surprised if the com-ing census will show that there are over 300,000 of them.'

"I cannot remember when I have been so surprised at the result of a legal investigation as one I have just concluded," retion as one I have just concluded," remarked an official of the Department of Justice to a Star reporter, "in which I looked into the question of national holidays. I had always supposed that America had a national holiday or holidays, and that the Fourth of July was one of them that the Fourth of July was one of them, if not the king bee in the holiday line. It has always been called our natal day, the granted, as I am sure hundreds of thousands of others do, that it was consecrated not a line in the statutes on the subject, excepting here and there it is spoken of as a legal holiday. But it is no more of a national holiday than is the 22d of February, and by no means as clearly defined as Decoration day. This fact was bad enough, and it may be thought that it was overlooked, but there is not a line in the statutes of any of the states of the United States giving the Fourth of July the glorious Fourth, mind you, any mention or preference in the matter of honor. The glorious Fourth is a legal holiday all right enough, and is pretty generally recognized, and it promises to be more generally recognized this year than ever, particularly in the south, but it is not a naticularly in the south, but it is not a na-tional holiday and has never been so de-clared by statute. The fact is we have no

national holiday, though there are severa legal holidays during the year, Christmas, New Year day, Washington's birthday, Labor day and Thanksgiving day, but Congress only makes them legal holidays for this District. For instance, what we call Labor day in this District and which it is, a legal holiday, is not recognized on either side of the Potomac from us. The states have their Labor day, but there is no unanimity about the day selected, as they have arbor days, founders' day and a lot of other days. Some of the states have state holiday day, but strange as it may appear there is no national holiday day. I don't mean to be understood as saying that the Fourth of July is not recognized as a holiday throughout the United States, but I do mean to say that except by common consent there is nothing about it that makes it a national holiday. Of course it is a legal holiday in the District as it is in several states, but it is not a legal holiday in all of the states. For that matter neither is Christmas or Thanksgiving day in many states—Washington's birthday is a lega holiday in this District, but just over in Virginia it is not, though if there is one state where it should be a state holiday it should be in Virginia.

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"There is an impression very prevalent in the minds of many persons," explained a prominent fruit dealer to a Star reporter, "that there is rheumatism in strawberries. It may be only imagination, and due to the season, but there is no doubt that persons who are subject to rheumatic attacks suffer from them very frequently during what is known as the strawberry season, whether they eat strawberries or not. I am satisfied in my own case that the acids in strawberries work up a nice attack of rheumatism for me every year, but I cannot resist them, and do not know as I want to. But there is one satisfaction, and that is that while strawberries may have something to do with rheumatism, cherries, which follow them, are an absolute cure for rheumatism. I have never known a person to suffer from rheumatism who ate freely of cherries, and I know of hundreds who have been relieved of attacks by eat-ing them. I have often had cherries ordered two and three months before the season for them opened hereabouts, and to supply the orders have had to send to Cuba and to California for them. The ordinary cherry contains an acid which relieves if it does not effectually cure. Of course, it may all be in the season, and that rheumatism would disappear anyhow, but it is safe to say that there is no rheumatism during the cherry season. I don't know of anything cherry season. I don't know of anything healthier, though even the best tasting, thoroughly ripe and perfect cherries start up very fine cases of colic and cholera morbus, which are very annoying. The colored people of the south think, and it may be that the same belief exists elsewhere and among others as well, that all the cramp or colic is taken out of the cherry by eat-ing it, swallowing stone and all. That unquestionably was the practice once, but in recent years fears of appendicitis may have changed it somewhat, though, for the life of me. I cannot understand why it is so dangerous now to swallow apple seed, grape seed or cherry stones, when, in old-fashioned times, it was the rule to do so rather than the exception. In Florida the orange seed is very frequently swallowed, and appendicitis is unheard of there. As a spring medicine generally cherries are with-out doubt the most valuable of the small fruit crop, even if they do not effectually cure rheumatism. They free the blood of the uric acid which produces the condition known as rheumatism, and if they do no more than that we should be, and, I think, are, grateful."

BIG STORE OF STATIONERY.

The Department of Justice Conducts a Wholesale Business. "The Department of Justice runs one of the biggest stationery corcerns in the country," said a clerk of that department to a Star reporter. "We have to do that that there is today a record of 250,000 Inment throughout the country. Not many vears ago our stationery bureau was used solely for the benefit of this immediate department. Judges, clerks of courts, marshals and other officials throughout the country purchased their supplies from stores in their cities and towns and sent us the accounts to pay. By this method we paid the retail price for everything. We found this would not do, as the highest prices were paid for everything. Under our present system every official of the government coming under our department

at all times, and all the judges, marshals, clerks and others send to us for their pencils, writing paper, &c. It's funny, too, birthday of independence with a big B, and all that sort of thing, and I took it for judge who won't have anything else but a red pencil which is peeled off when it is sharpened. We carry this pencil in stock sands of others do, that it was consecrated to liberty and independence by some expression in the statutes of the land, but an investigation reveals the fact that there is not a line in the statutes on the subject. of pencils, but finds this one to his liking because he can easily see it. Right here in the District of Columbia is a judge who listens to arguments with six pencils in his hands. He rolls these between his fingers while he is busy, and never has less than half a dozen. He is not particular about the kind of pencil he has. Other lar about the kind of pencil he has. Other officials have peculiar ideas about the kinds of paper, pens and ink they want, and they will have no other. Thus, you, see, we carry a more varied assortment of goods than stationery store."

A Large Distinction. From Puck.

Mr. Newlywed-"You want my reason for



Old Salt (recovering from the toss-up)-"Where in thunder he I?" "Wall, 'cordin' to my reckonin', cap'n, you're in a toler'ble heavy sea, jest off the Horn."-Harper's Weekly.

"Whether it is true or not that Tod Sloan smashed that English waiter in the face with a champagne bottle," remarked an old-time horseman who is preparing a lot of thoroughbreds for the fall campaign out at the Ivy City track, "It is distinctly true that successful jockeys are more afflicted with elephantiasis of the skull, otherwise the big head, than any other class of midgets you're liable to meet up with. The queer thing about this story from England is that the waiter didn't waitz in and eat the little chap up alive. On two occasions that I recall I've seen American waiters take prominent American jockeys down when the latter have become insufferable in their conduct. About eight years ago an eastern jockey, whose fame was spread broadcast throughout the racing world, was taking dinner with a party of spread broadcast throughout the lacing world, was taking dinner with a party of foolishly idelatrous friends at the Cliff House, outside of San Francisco. The jockey had been riding during the winter racing in and around San Francisco, and on this day he had won the swell event of the year on a rather no-account horse. Consequently, his hat was a whole lot too small for him. He was an insuiting little small for him. He was an insuting little chap at best, but on this occasion he simply let his tongue run away with his brains. His humor took the turn of joshing an old-time waiter at the Cliff House, who had been in California since the days who had been in California since the days of the Argonauts. The old man had long side-whiskers, and the jockey regarded them as funny. He made sundry and divers remarks to the waiter about the opportunity he was giving to the wind by wearing whiskers of that particular length, and the old man took the talk good-naturedly without paying much attention to the touch of nastiness in the midget's remarks. Finally, howattention to the touch of nastiness in the midget's remarks. Finally, however, when the wine had gone around pretty freely, the jockey reached up behind his chair, as the old waiter was in the act of performing some little service for the men at the table, and, twisting his hand in the hair on one side of the old servitor's face, he deliberately pulled out a fairly large handful of the latter's whisk-

"The old man leaped back with pain and indignation, the jockey laughing at him idiotically. Then the waiter coolly lifted the jockey out of his chair by the scruff of neck, sat down, and calmly deposited the neck, sat down, and calmly deposited the midget across his knees, face downward. "'Son,' said the waiter, 'there's something that you've stood in need of for a long time past, judging from your actions here during the past few months, and that something you're about to get, and get good,' and he brought the palm of an ample hand down with a smack that sounded very pleasant indeed unto the ears of all the rest pleasant indeed unto the ears of all the rest of the people in the room (except the jockey's friends), who had seen the beard-pulling incident. Then he brought both hands into play, and the rataplan told of splendid execution. The jockey kicked and nands into play, and the rataplan told of splendid execution. The jockey kicked and struggled, but he couldn't break loose, and he had to take his medicine. Then his friends at the table jumped to his rescue, and, quickly letting the jockey slide on to the floor, the old walter, thoroughly aroused, jumped up and knocked them down one after the other. He just polished them all off in detail, and when he had got through with them he stood his ground. Then the manager appeared on the scene, and when he was told by a number of other guests, prominent men, what had happened, he assisted in kicking the party out of the house. The jockey tried to use his in-fluence to get horsemen to boycott the Cliff house on account of the occurrence, but they knew what a little whippersnapper he was, and how richly he had probably de-served his spanking. "Another time a jockey who leaped into

prominence with meteoric speed by reason of his winning two of the great events of the eastern turf in quick succession, got the worst of it at the hands of a Coney Island waiter. I saw the incident myself. The jockey had had such a mighty accession of the 'I am it' spirit that he considered he could perform all sorts of mean little tricks at the expense of all hands, and do the same with impunity. On this day he had won three straight races, and his imperiousness was something monumental. He took dinner with three bookmakers on one of the big Coney Island piers. The man who waited on the party was a bullet-head, but a quiet, attentive man at that. He was removing some plates after the second course when the jockey picked up a siphon of seltzer and deliberately squirted half the bottle full in the waiter's face. The waiter wiped his face and his shirt-front off with his table-towel, and then he walked up to the jockey's chair, put his hands on the rim of it, and said: you had ver dip in de sea vi

t'day, Freidy?"
"'No,' said the jockey, with an expression of surprise on his face, as if he wondered what was coming. "'I t'ought not,' said the bullet-headed waiter. 'Dat's de reason I'm goin't' let you

have it now.'
"Then the waiter suddenly picked famous jockey up, and, before any of the men at the table could interfere, he carried him over to the railing of the pler, and dropped the midget horse rider into the water, about fifteen feet below.

water, about lifteen feet below.

"'I jist wan't t' see if de little snoozer wit' de swelled nut kin swim as well as he kin ride a horse,' said the waiter, quietly watching the jockey come to the surface and strike out. The jockey could swim, and he made the beach without any trouble, but he didn't return to the pler.

he didn't return to the pler.
"After all, old 'Father Bill' Daly has the right end of it when it comes to dealing with jockeys who develop the big head as oon as they begin to win a few races. He lets them have the business end of a riding whip across the legs for impudence, and such methods he gets along with his jockeys better than any horseman on the American turf."

HE STOLE A CORPSE.

And That is Why the Joke Was on the Thief.

"There are people in this town who will steal anything." said a thin man with a string tie as he rolled a fresh cigarette and asked his friend for a light. "Yes, sir, they will take the buttons off your coat if you don't watch 'em. I was 'touched' twice during the peace jubilee, and last winter some one copped out my overcoat at a restaurant while I was getting lunch.

"But it's all right. I got even the other day in a small way, and I've been laughing ever since. We had an old cat over in our flat which had been a pet of my wife's ever since we were married. Elvira, that's the cat's name, not my wife's, was so old she had lost nearly all her teeth and we had to feed her on milk and soft stuff. This got tiresome, because I had to do the feeding, and I decided that Elvira was about due to die.

"One night I sneaked home a bottle of chloroform, and after my wife went out to one of the clubs or something she belongs to I wet a sponge with the chloroform and went out in the kitchen looking for Elvira. There she was, curled up on a chair, and before she knew what was going on I had her fixed. Didn't hurt her, you know, and she really was a burden to herself.

"When my wife came home I looked solemn and told her Elvira was dead—went off

in a fit. There were tears, of course, and the remains had to be viewed. My wife insisted that Elvira should have a decent burial and would not listen to my sugges-tion that the body be disposed of in the usual way. Finally I consented to take Elvira out in the country the next day and bury her myself, and was called a 'dear

"Early next morning, after a lot of tears from my wife, I started out with Elvira neatly done up in a couple of sheets of wrapping paper. I took a car which connects with a suburban line and deposited my bundle on the rear platform next to the gate while I went inside to read the paper. was deep in the sporting page when the transfer station was reached, and the con ductor had to offer me a transfer twice. I went out on the platform and, bless your soul, if Elvira hadn't disappeared. Some guy thought the package contained my morning marketing and had swiped it. "I was a bit put out at first, but when I realized that for once I had the laugh on the thief I felt good. Laugh? Well, I should say yes. People on the street must have thought I had a giggling jag on. I did not advertise for the return of Elvira and no questions asked for several reasons, but I'd give \$5 to know what that fellow said when he opened the package."

In opening Great Marylebone street, London, to lay electric cables, workmen came across several elm tree water pipes in a fine state of preservation, although they were only a few feet below the surface. These tree trunks bored through were over 200 years old and must have been a part of an old water conduit. The pipes were blocked with silt, but otherwise were quite usable.

Last year, about this time, Mr. Jobson was sitting on his front eteps, when a party of bloydists, men and women, sailed by.

"These bloyds people weary me," said
Mr. Jobson to Mrs. Jobson. "They look
like marionettes. They don't look sensible. A man that rides a bicycle always looks like a popinjay to me. He looks as if there's something lacking in his make-up. As for the women bicyclists, they're just frights and holy shows, that's all. It's bike. It's not womanly. I can't understand what's got into fellows that I knowmen otherwise possessed of ordinary common sense-in letting their wives ride

Mrs. Jobson didn't say anything. She had been wanting to ride a bicycle for a long time, but she knew that the way to get one wasn't to express her desire to Mr. Jobson.

A couple of months ago Mr. Jobson's brother rode up to Mr. Jobson's house on a wheel. It was just about the hour of gloaming. "You look like a jay in those togs," said Mr. Jobson to his brother, referring to the

bicycle suit. "Sure," sa bicycle suit.

"Sure," said Mr. Jobson's brother. "But I'm not a ham. I bet you couldn't learn to ride a wheel in a year."

This aroused Mr. Jobson's eporting blood.

"I'll bet you I can ride one the first rattle out of the box," said he in a tone of challenge to his brother. "I rode a two-wheeled velocipede when you were in dresses, and I've toted you around in front of the man

I've toted you around in front of the chine at that."
"That so?" said Mr. Jobson's brother.

"That so?" said Mr. Jobson's brother. "Well, you're about 112 years older now, and I'll bet you'd fall off that machine of mine before you got two feet."

"Would, hey?" said Mr. Jobson, rising. "Well, you just give me a lift on it, and I'll show you a thing or two."

Mr. Jobson's brother winked to Mrs. Jobson, and then he walked down to the curb to help Mr. Jobson on to the bicycle. Mr. Jobson got on all right, and then he just pumped the pedals like a man who had been riding a wheel from his infancy and disappeared into the dark. His brother was considerably startled, and he hopped on the wheel of a friend next door to the on the wheel of a friend next door to the Jobsons and followed after Mr. Jobson. He caught the latter, going easy, a couple of

a couple of miles, when they returned to Mr. Jobson's abode. "Which, I might say," remarked Mr. Jobson, inflating his chest when he got off the wheel, "that I'm not such an old ham as you think I am." Thus the virus got into his veins. There was something on his mind when he got

squares away, and the two rode around for

home from the office the next afternoon and Mrs. Jobson saw it.
"Mrs. Jobson," he remarked at the dinner table, "I want to tell you that your determined efforts to convert me into an old fossil have failed and petered out dismally. It can't be done, that's all.

going to be a factor around this house myself hereafter.' "Why, what is the matter now?" inquired

"Nothing the matter," said Mr. Jobson 'except that I'm getting tired of having everything that I want frowned upon. I've been hankering to get a bike and ride it for the past couple of years, and you have maintained an attitude of steady opposi-tion to the idea. You mayn't have said anything, but you've looked it. Likewise, I've been on the point a dozen times of suggesting that you get a wheel and ride it, but I've been held down by your narrow notions ou these subjects. Now, that's all off. I'm going to get a wheel myself tomorrow, and, what's more. I'm going to get one for you. sother men's wives learn to ride wheels, of for nothing else than to please their husbands, and you're going to do the same. I'm not ready to settle down yet to the kind of dry-as-dust existence cles in the basement hall tomorrow even ing. One of them'll be mine, and the other'll be yours. There's a riding academy around the corner, and I just sugges it to you middly that it'll be a good thing all around if you fail in with my little idea in this matter, for once, and learn to ride that machine.

Whereupon Mrs. Jobson went upstairs and smiled merrily at her reflection in the mirror, and likewise hugged herself a number of times. She had been taking little sprints on her sister's wheel for a number of months, and she just doted on wheeling. She was properly clumsy and fearsome, while taking her first few lessons under Mr. Johson's eye but she soon mastered the Jobson's eye, but she soon mastered the art of riding and she and Mr. Jobson took rides together every evening unti Tuesday last. Then Mr. Jobson, riding his ticycle home from his office, ran into a coal cart. He scraped most of the hide off the left side of his face, and his wheel was junk when it was rescued from beneath the cart wheels. Otherwise he was unhurt. cart wheels. Otherwise he was to But he was deadly calm until the was half-way over, when he looked Mrs. Jobson steadily in the eye, across the table

and said: "You've wan out again, haven't you?" "How do you mean, dear?" asked Mrs.

"Oh, nothing," said he, "except that you're a whole lot craftler than I ever gave you credit for being. You probably had it all figured out in advance, when I took out that life insurance policy, and when, about the same time, you cajoled and bamboozled me, against my will, into getting a bicycle, that I'd meet my finish, sooner or later, underneath the wheels of a coal cart. I underneath the wheels of a coal cart. I can see it now, as plain as day. But it's all off, Mrs. Jobson! I'll just thwart that end of your little scheme by giving up bicycling forever. I'll just render it necessary for you to hit me on the head with an ax as I sleep, in order to get that insurance money! You are privileged to spin around like a howling dervish on a wheel as much as you like, henceforth and forever—seeing that you were successful in breaking down my principles in that matter and wheedling me into permitting it—but, as for me, Mrs. Jobson, my eyes have been opened. If you think you can get rid of me by putting arsenic ir my coffee, or working some dedge senic ir my coffee, or working some dodge like that, go ahead, but the next time you bulldoze me into riding a bicycle just you send me a special delivery letter announcing that fact, that's all!"

Was Speiling the Show.

From Tit-Bits. The archbishop of Canterbury some time ago entered a London East End church during a week-night service, and taking a back seat, he joined in singing one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Next to him was a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The primate was wretched yout of tune, and his singing evidently upset the workingman, who patiently endured the dis-cord as long as he could, and then, nudg-ing the archbishop, whispered in his_ear, "'Ere, dry up, mister; you're spiling the

Powerful Advocates.

Josh-"I see that Great Britain an' th United States are advocatin' the same peac plan at the conference." Silas-"Yes, b'gosh! an' they kin lick any

body that's opposed to their plan!"

His Opportunity.



She (to timid admirer)-"I have just been reading about wireless telegraphy. Do tell me what it is all about. I don't understand He—"Wireless telegraphy is—ah—the means by which I have been wiring a certain question to you with my eyes for the last six months."

GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED MR. JOBSON ON WHEELING ONE ON THE INTERVIEWER

"About nine years ago," said one of the Chicago correspondents, "when I was covering the hotels' for my paper in Chicago, Miss Emma Thursby, the once-renowned songstress, arrived in town and took a suite at the Hotel Richelieu. With a view to a 'special' about the famous song birds of Miss Thursby's day, I sent my card up to her, and the bell boy returned with the message to 'come right up.' A whiteaproned maid admitted me to Miss Thursnot the real thing for a woman to ride a by's reception room and left me there, saying that her mistress (who, by the way, had left the concert stage a number of years before) was dressing, and would see me in a few moments. I sat down to wait. I a rew moments. I sat down to wait. I hardly had a chance to look around before I heard, evidently proceeding from the next room, which was screened from the reception room by heavy portieres, several brilliant chromatic runs, apparently proceeding from a feminine throat, followed by a rendition of about ten bars from one of the 'Ernani' arias, very faithful as to technique.

nique.
"The prima donna is practicing as she dresses, I thought, 'and time seems to have wrought no depreciation of her vocal

wrought no depreciation of her vocal powers.'

"So that you can fancy how I was startled when the music suddenly ceased and the same voice called out:

"Who are you in that front room?"

"Why,' I started to reply, 'I'm—'

"Get out of here at once!' the voice commanded. 'You're a bad lot! Who told you to come here, anyhow?"

to come here, anyhow?"

"'Here,' said I to myself, 'is nice, cordial treatment. After being invited upstairs, I'm coolly told to take my leave. Wonder what I've done,' and, in a quandary, I picked up my hat and cane and started to denart to come here, anyhow?"

'Oh, never mind,' said the voice, halting me on my way to the door; 'I don't care whether you remain or not; it's a matter of the most complete indifference to me, I assure you; quite so, believe me; ha, ha, ha! "Puzzled? It seemed altogether the queerest proposition I had ever stacked up against. Horrible thoughts of carefully covered-up insanity shot through my head. sincerely beg your pardon, mad-' I started to say, when I was iname-

arried to say, when I was interrupted with:

"Why don't you sit down? You are so fidgety! Just take a seat, can't you, and wait until I am ready to receive you? Oh, la! you nervous men! I am not angry with you; I am simply ennuyed, until, oh, my gracious goodness sakes—, and the speech seemed to wind up in the most prodigious

yawn.
"'This is about the limit,' I thought to myself when I sat down again. I had interviewed a great many eccentric personages, but this seemed about the most extraordinary reception I had ever been given. The voice in the next room burst into an Italian love ditty, clear and sweet, if a trifle shrill, and I twiddled my cane and wondered what I could say when the prima donna appeared, in view of the way I had been received.
"'D'ye like that?' inquired the voice be

hind the portieres. 'A little thing I picked up in Venice—sweet and pretty, but not much to it. I begin to grow away from the Italian music, anyhow, I find, and were my career ahead instead of behind me I think I should go in altogether for Wagner. Oh, the deuce

"The objurgation seemed a queer wind-up for a conversation so sanely begun. "'How?' I inquired.

"'Mind your own business!' said the voice sharply. 'Why will you persist in meddling in my affairs? What claim have you upon me, anyhow? You are so annoying! You fatigue me dreadfully, indeed you do! "Oh, Leonora—"' and the voice began on a few bars from 'Il Trovatore.'

"Well, I at length ceased to extract amusement from being roasted like this, and I arose to take my leave, feeling just a bit haughty and hot under the collar.

"'Madame' I started to say, 'I am truly sorry if I have disturbed you, but in venturing to send my card up to you I had supposed that you would be quite willing to receive me-a supposition in which I was encouraged when you sent me word to come upstairs at once. Whatever annoy-ance I have caused you, I sincerely regret,

believe me, but, nevertheless—"
"I had got this far when Miss Thursby stepped radiantly in through the door of her private hall, and held out her hand cordially.
"'To whom were you speaking as I came

in, might I inquire? she asked me, with a somewhat puzzled expression around her eyes.
"'Why,' said I, 'I was under the impres-

sion that I had the honor of addressing you, but-Her face lighted up merrily, and she fell into a burst of uncontrollable laughter. Then she thrust back the portleres, and there sat on top of an easel her famous parrot. The parrot eyed me humorously for second, and then burst into a ha-ha-ing

that threatened to deprive him of all his feathers. "'Has he been ribald and insulting to you?' asked Miss Thursby. 'He is falling into the habit lately of treating my guests shamefully, but he is old and perhaps testy

for that reason.'
"The bird's imitation of Miss Thursby's speaking tones was almost perfect, as I observed when she spoke. He could sing and talk in nine languages, I understood; but, for all that, in view of the bad quarter of an hour he gave me, I didn't a much when I read the other day that Thursby's famous parrot, valued at \$10,000, had cashed in and gone to the great un-

PARADISE FOR BIRDS.

The White House Grounds Possess Many Charms for Them. Birds having a keen eye out for residence

quarters in Washington find the White House grounds the most fashionable and select neighborhood they can enter. This is especially so of birds desiring a quiet life, without being subjected to the "rubbernecking" of other birds, animals and human beings. Sparrows in great numbers have their homes in the grounds, but they would be just as much at home on Pennsylvania avenue, and it is said by the bird doctor at the White House that the sparrows which live around there are recluses or have been run away from the thickly settled quarters of the city. There is plenty of room for more of these little rascals in the grounds, where the trees furnish quiet places for building and hatching, but the great majority of these birds appear not to care much for these delightful grounds. For feeding purposes the White House grounds are not a success, because they are always kept clean. In addition to the value of the grounds for residence purposes, there is one distinct advantage. That is in the bathing facilities. The White House sparrows are like Japanese people in this respect. When they are not chattering about this thing and that they are bathing in the different fountains in the grounds. At all hours of the day, but more particularly in the mornounds for residence purposes, there is one the day, but more particularly in the morning, the little sparrows assemble at the fountains, flit to the leaves of the water plants and dive and duck as long as they desire. They are not good swimmers, do not wear fancy bathing suits. W water is convenient sparrows are cleanly little animals. Each leaf of a water plant its strong enough to hold the weight of a bird, and there is not much danger of drowning. At any rate, no life guards are stationed by the sparrows to watch and stationed by the sparrows to watch and protect incautious birds. Blackbirds, robins, thrush, bluebirds and

crows make their homes in the White House grounds, together with other varie-ties. Nearly all the year round robins may be seen in the grounds, and they have their nests somewhere about. They fly about the front of the grounds and hunt among the flowers and plants for worms. They do not bathe themselves like the sparrows. They are comparatively tame, as no one bothers them. These few robins have been in the grounds for years. They do not so far grounds for years. They do not go far north, like the others of their tribe, in the summer months. The Washington climate suits them. In the winter they disappear for a trip to the winter resorts in the south, but come back in the early spring. The blackbirds seen in the grounds are big fellows, half as big as crows and just as glos-

sy black.

A raincrow which lives in the grounds and in the trees of Lafayette Square can be heard just before each rain, giving his peheard just before each rain, may be expected. neard just before each rain, giving his pe-culiar warning that rain may be expected. Oldtimers at the Whit: House say that this bird is a better prophet than the weather bureau, so far as rain is concerned.

Had Beason to Know From Tit-Bits.

The latest and best golf story is told by Mr. Justice Lawrance against himself. He is an ardent golfer. He tells how he had recently a case before him in which he felt it necessary to ask one of the witnesses, a boy, the usual question whether he was ac-quainted with the nature of an oath. The ingenuous youth caimly replied: "Of course I am. Ain't I your caddie?"

American Adaptability.

Peace is something very pleasant. 'Tis a reassuring thing To hear no more of Spaniards and of bullets on the wing.

But, though the war is over, recollections fondly run To the various achievements of the man behind the gun.

At present you will find him working long and with a will Behind the baby carriage which he man-

ages with skill behind the new lawn mower where there's duty to be done. Staunch and true as when we knew him as the man behind the gun.

A Defiance of Fashion.

Every now and then Mr. Blykins be comes possessed of an idea that he is a superior being, whose mission in life is to show the world that it is making a donkey of itself. His wife never assumes to be superior. She simply proceeds to show him where he is wrong and give him a fresh start in his career as a quiet, selfrespecting citizen

He had his hand on the door knob to leave the house when his wife called to

"I don't know when I'll get back," he said emphatically. "I wasn't worrying about when you were

The pilgrims who were lurking near were coming home, dear," she said. "But did you know that you have on a Prince Albert coat and a straw hat?"
"Yes, I know it," he answered defiantly.
"And what's more, I'm going to wear 'em.



fashionable pet of me you are wrong. I'm not going to bow down and worship at the shrine of Madam Grundy. I'm going to wear whatever comes handy. A hat's a hat and a coat's a coat, and there's no reason why I shouldn't pick out whichever suits me. You want me to look like one of son why I shouldn't pick out whichever suits me. You want me to look like one of the tailors hang up on the wall; one of these men who look as if I afterward purchased, and which I am their legs were plaster of Paris and whose chests appear to be stuffed with sawdust. Well, I'll tell you right now I won't do it. Any clothes I possess are good enough to not offer it to me at any pronounced r wear whenever I feel like it, and I'm not going to go around posing as a sartorial symphony."

"You are quite right, dear. But I don't and on the whole I had good reason to be wear whenever I feel like it, and I'm not "You are quite right, dear. But I don't

believe you have the courage of your convictions.

I haven't? I'd like a chance to prove it." "Well, I'll wager you \$10, which I have saved up out of the housekeeping money, that there are combinations of your familiar attire which you won't wear."

"I'll take it." "All right, I'll lay the clothes out for you and you can put them on when I say

She hurried up the stair and he mutter-"That will be as easy a ten as ever took wings and flew my way." In a few minutes

she called to him. "I'll wait for you in the guest chamber," said she. "The cheval glass is in there.

Do you want it while you dress?"
"Of course I don't. What do I want with
a mirror? I'm no gilded beauty, and I
don't intend to mince around and worry
about my decorations. I'm going to get into hose things and get down town. back in an hour or two and collect the

It was not long before he presented himself in a slik hat, a turn-down collar, a red Ascot tie, a dress coat, a pair of bicycle trousers, golf stockings and arctic over "I'll admit that you've picked out a queer

combination," he said cheerily. "But I'm not going to back down." He caught sight of his reflection in the glass. He rubbed his eyes and then exclaimed hoarsely 'Hannah, you win."

A Financeeress. "Of course," said the small woman, with

gentle and most winsome smile, "I feel that we are oppressed and all that. It's human nature. People are forever oppressing one another. Oh, dear," she added, with a sigh, "I wish I could learn how it is done." "How what is done?"

"Oppressing people. I know I'd be very ndignant if I heard any one else say such a thing. But there is a family out on the far edge of town that just needs oppress-

"Some one with whom you have been en gaged in a business transaction, I suppose." "No. I thought it was going to be a busines stransaction. But it wasn't. It was too one-sided. You see, my cook's mother had a little piece of property which she desired to sell in order to get her son a cart. I happened to have a few hundred dollars remaining from a small legacy, and so as to help a deserving family along, I bought the place. When she told me how much it was rented for I almost felt ashamed to give her so little money. I figured it up and it was almost 12 per cent interest on the investment. But I set my teeth together and said to myself, 'that's the only way to get along nowadays. If you don't take this advantage, somebody else will. So I made the purchase. next week the tenants moved out."

"Couldn't you get new ones?"
"Basily. I went first to an agent, but he said he wouldn't handle anything so small. So I got a tenant for myself. He promised, bright, to pay more than the other, and to bring the money around the first of every month."
"Did he?"

"No. I waited two months, and then met him on the street. He said that if I put him out he and his family wouldn't have any place in the wide world to go, and that if I wanted to have the reputation of

have any place in the wide world to go, and that if I wanted to have the reputation of turning a poor family out in the street in dead winter I could go ahead."
"So you waited till summer?"
"Yes. I met him again a short time ago. He said that he and his family hadn't any more place to go than they had last winter, and that if I wanted to turn him and his suffering family out on the burning asphalt to be sunstruck I might go ahead. He also informed me that I oughtn't to expect any rent for a house that didn't have any more repairs put on it than that one. In the meantime the bills for street improvements and taxes had been paid right along, and after doing some arithmetic I re olved to be stern and unfeeling and go out there and overawe them. There was nobody at

me when I arrived except my tenant's

wife and four or five big yellow dogs."
"Was she nervous?"
"Very. She said she would ask me in but she was afraid one of the dogs might bite me. So I took her advice and wend

A Moslem Episode.

"A party of Bedouin Arabs recently attacked a convoy of Egyptians, with the Holy Carpet of Mahomet, between Mecca and Medina."-London Mail. The bold bad Bedouin set out with sinister intent.

And pounced upon the pilgrims who in grave procession went;

Mahomet's sacred carpet (precious relic) to convey

'Twixt Mecca and Medina in the customary way. The leader of the robbers to his tent the

carpet took. His spouse, when she beheld it, gave a long ecstatic look. 'We'll have to get a home," she said, "and

spread it on the floor." And so he bought a house and lot all mortgaged o'er and o'er.

She made him beat the carpet till his good right arm was tired; He pelted and he pummeled it; he puffed and he perspired.

frenzied in their fright. They nearly had a spasm at the sacrilegious sight.

She made him tack it down. Of course the sequel had to come. The hammer lost its bearings and it landed on his thumb.

The pilgrims saw him kneeling as he railed and pawed the air. They felt mightly encouraged for they thought he was at prayer.

In confidence they sought him, since such piety he showed. He folded up that carpet saying: "Take it and be blowed."

And now in all the mosques the eager penitents are taught Of the marvelous conversion which Ma homet's carpet wrought.

* * Presence of Mind.

. The narrator is one of the men who will never admit that any personage, whether real or a creature of fiction, has had more remarkable adventures than himself. He sneers at Poe, FitzJames O'Brien, Guy de Maupassant and the rest of them, expressing his profound contempt for anybody who would let a ghost pose as having gotten the better of a full-grown human being. The incident which he relates is quite characteristic of his self-reliant and unconventional disposition.

In the light of subsequent events, I can astonished when I discovered that it was haunted. My wife was out of the city with the children. I had worked hard getting the children. I had worked hard getting the furniture into place, and was rather nervous. I was lying in bed wishing that the full moon did not shine so brightly, when I heard a pe-culiar, regular sound. It was a dull sort of noise, repeated steadily as the ticking of a clock ten or a degree times then coasof a clock ten or a dozen times, then cen ing for a few seconds, only to be resume



nothing. The sound came closer and closer to my bedside and then receded. I sat up to make a more careful survey, and my eye was attracted by a narrow streak of light which the moon made across my floor

at right angles to my bed.

I gazed at it for several minutes, and presently I saw a foot, white and substantial, step into the silver giare on the floor and then disappear. It was the right foot. I still watched, and from the other direction another foot appeared in the moon-beam; this time the left. There was noth-ing above the ankles. I got out of bed and threw the blinds wide open, and in the in-creased light saw the feet making their monotohous journeys to and fro across the floor. Frightened? Not a bit of it. I watched my opportunity to avoid stepping on either of the feet-merely a humano courtesy on my part, for I perceived a corn on one of the great toes—and going to the mantelplece picked up a paper of tacks which lay there. I stood up on the foot of the bed and strewed the contents of the package right and left over the floor. I wondered if superhuman feet would pay any attention to them and was overjoyed when they suddenly became motionless. Then one of them was elevated into the air as if some one were holding it in both hands while the other stood firmly on the floor. A remark unfit for publication floated se-pulchrally through the room, after which the feet made a bee line for the door and disappeared, never to return. I learned on inquiry next day that one of the former occupants, now deceased, had been a patient gentleman, very regular in his habits, who had attracted some attention in the neigh-borhood by being the father of twins.

It Ought to Be Familiar.

From Harlem Life. Gentleman (who has engaged aged colored hackman to drive him from the station to the hotel)-"Say, uncle, what's your

Driver-"My name, sah, is George Washngton." Gentleman-"George Washington? Why, that name seems familiar."
Driver-"Well, fo' de Lawd's sake! I should think it ought to. Here I have been drivin' to this station fo' bout twenty years, sah."

A Balloon Voyage in Sight.

From Puck. London Doctor-"You will have to go out for a little fresh air every morning."
Fair American (ili in London)—"How to up will I have to ascend, doctor?"